THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

CHAPTER XVII.

A Matter of Dress.

"WELL, now," Wayland went on as they stepped off at the hotel, "I am in command of this expedition. From this on I lead this outfit. When it comes to hotels, railways and the like o' that I'm head ranger."

Mrs. McFarlane, tired, hungry and a little dismayed, accepted his control gladly, but Berrie could not at once slip aside her responsibility. "Tell the hostler"—

"Not a word!" commanded Norcross, and the girl, with a smile, submitted to his guidance, and thereafter his efficiency, his self possession, his tact delighted her. He persuaded the sullen landlady to get them supper. He secured the best rooms in the house and arranged for the care of the team.

Berrie was correspondingly less masculine. In drawing off her buckskin driving gloves she had put away the cowgirl and was silent, a little sad even in the midst of her enjoyment of his dictatorship. And when he said, "If my father reaches Denver in time I want you to meet him," she looked the dismay she felt.

"I'll do it, but I'm scared of him."

"You needn't be. I'll see him first and draw his fire."

Mrs. McFarlane interposed. "We must do a little shopping first. We can't meet your father as we are."

"Very well. It is arranged. We get in, I find, about noon. We'll go straight to the biggest shop in town. If we work with speed we'll be able to lunch with my father. He'll be at the Palmer House at 1."

Berrie said nothing, either in acceptance or rejection of his plan. Her mind was concerned with new conceptions, new relationships, and when in the hall he took her face between his hands and said, "Cheer up! All is not lost!" she put her arms about his neck and laid her cheek against his breast to hide her tears. "Oh, Wayland, I'm such an idiot in the city! I'm afraid your father will despise me."

She woke to a new life next morning—a life of compliance, of following, of dependence upon the judgment of another. She stood in silence while her lover paid the bills, bought the tickets and telegraphed their coming to his father. She acquiesced when he prevented her mother from telephoning to the ranch. She complied when he countermanded her order to have the team sent back at once. His judgment ruled, and she enjoyed her sudden freedom from responsibility. It was novel, and it was very sweet to think that she was being cared for as she had cared for and shielded him in the world of the trail.

In the railway coach Wayland tactfully withdrew, leaving mother and daughter to discuss clothes undisturbed by his presence.

"We must look our best, honey," said Mrs. McFarlane. "We will go right to Mme. Crosby at Battle's, and she fit us out. I wish we had more time, but we haven't, so we must do the best we can."

"I want Wayland to choose my hat and traveling suit," replied Berrie.

"Of course. But you've got to have a lot of other things besides." And they bent to the joyous work of making out a list of goods to be purchased as soon as they reached Chicago.

Wayland came back with a Denver paper in his hand and a look of disgust on his face. "It's all in here—at least, the outlines of it."

Berrie took the journal and there read the details of Settle's assault upon the foreman. "The fight arose from a remark concerning the forest supervisor's daughter. Ranger Settle resented the gossip and fell upon the other man, beating him with the butt of his revolver. Friends of the foreman claim that the ranger is a drunken bully and should have been discharged long ago. The supervisor for some mysterious reason retains this man, although he is an incompetent. It is also claimed that McFarlane put a man on the roll without examination." The supervisor was the protagonist of the play, which was plainly political. The attack upon him was bitter and unjust, and Mrs. McFarlane again declared her intention of returning to help him in his fight. However, Wayland again proved to her that her presence would only embarrass the supervisor. "You would not aid him in the slightest degree. Nash and Landen are with him and will refute all these charges."

This newspaper story took the light out of their day and the smile from Berrie's lips, and the women entered the city silent and distressed in spite of the efforts of their young guide. The nearer the girl came to the ordeal of facing the elder Norcross the more she feared the outcome, but Wayland kept his air of easy confidence and drove them directly to the shopping center, believing that under the influence of hats and gloves they would regain their customary cheer.

In this he was largely justified. They had a delightful hour trying on millinery and coats and gloves.

Silent, blushing, tousled by the hands of her decorators, Berrie permitted hats to be perched on her head and jackets buttoned and unbuttoned about her shoulders till she felt like a worn clothes horse. Wayland beamed with delight, but she was far less satisfied than he, and when at last selection was made she still had her doubts, not of the clothes, but of her ability to wear them. They seemed so alien to her, so restrictive and enslaving.

"You're an easy fitter," said the saleswoman. "But"—here she lowered her voice—"you need a new corset. This old one is out of date. Nobody is wearing hips now."

Thereupon Berrie meekly permitted herself to be led away to a torture room. Wayland waited patiently, and when she reappeared all traces of Bear Tooth forest had vanished. In a neat tailored suit and a very chic hat, with shoes, gloves and stockings to match, she was so transformed, so charmingly girlish in her self conscious glory, that he was tempted to embrace her in the presence of the saleswoman. But he didn't. He merely said: "I see the governor's finish. Let's go to lunch. You are stunning!"

"I don't know myself," responded Berrie. "The only thing that feels natural is my hand. They cinched me so tight I can't eat a thing, and my shoes hurt." She laughed as she said this, for her use of the vernacular was conscious. "I'm a fraud. Your father will spot my brand first shot. Look at my face—red as a saddle!"

"Don't let that trouble you. This is the time of year when tan is fashionable. Don't you be afraid of the governor. Just smile at him, give him your grip, and he'll melt."

"I'm the one to melt. I'm beginning now."

Notwithstanding his confident advice Wayland led the two silent and inwardly dismayed women into the showy cafe of the hotel with some degree of personal apprehension concerning the approaching interview with his father. Of course he did not permit this to appear in the slightest degree.

It pleased him to observe the admiring glances which were turned upon Berrie, whose hat became her mightily, and, leaning over, he said in a low voice to Mrs. McFarlane: "Who is the lovely young lady opposite? Won't you introduce me?"

This little play being over, he said, "Now, while our order is coming I'll run out to the desk and see if the governor has come in or not."

Wayland returned with an increase of tension in his face.

"He's here! I've sent word saying 'I am lunching in the cafe with ladies.' I think he'll come round. But don't be afraid of him. He's a good deal rougher on the outside than he is at heart. Of course he's a bluff old business man and not at all pretty, and he'll transfix you with a kind of estimating glare as if you were a tree, but he's actually very easy to manage if you know how to handle him. Now, I'm not going to try to explain everything to him at the beginning. I'm going to introduce him to you in a casual kind of way and give him time to take to you both. He forms his likes and dislikes very quickly."

"What if he doesn't like us?" inquired Berrie, with troubled brow.

"He can't help it." His tone was so positive that her eyes misted with happiness. "But here comes our food. I hope you aren't too nervous to eat. Here is where I shine as provider. This is the kind of camp fare I can recommend."

Berrie's healthy appetite rose above her apprehension, and she ate with the keen enjoyment of a child, and her mother said, "It surely is a treat to get a chance at somebody else's cooking."

"Don't you slander your home fare," warned Wayland. "It's as good as this, only different."

He sat where he could watch the door, and despite his jocund pose his eyes expressed growing impatience and some anxiety. They were all well into their dessert before he called out, "Here he is!"

Mrs. McFarlane could not see the newcomer from where she sat, but Berrie rose in great excitement as a heavy set, full faced man with short, gray mustache and high, smooth brow entered the room. He did not smile as he greeted his son, and his penetrating glance questioned even before he spoke. He seemed to silently ask: "Well, what's all this? How do you happen to be here? Who are these women?"

Wayland said: "Mrs. McFarlane, this is my father. Father, this is Miss Berea McFarlane of Bear Tooth Springs."

The elder Norcross shook hands with Mrs. McFarlane politely, coldly, but he betrayed surprise as Berea took his fingers in her grip. At his son's solicitation he accepted a seat opposite Berea, but refused dessert.

Wayland explained: "Mrs. McFarlane and her daughter quite saved my life over in the valley. Their ranch is the best health resort in Colorado."

"Your complexion indicates that," his father responded dryly. "You look something the way a man of your age ought to look. I needn't ask how you are feeling."

"You needn't, but you may. I'm feeling like a new fiddle, barring a bruise at the back of my head, which makes a 'hard hat' a burden. I may as well tell you first off that Mrs. McFarlane is the wife of the forest supervisor at

She Was So Transformed That He Was Tempted to Embrace Her.

Bear Tooth, and Miss Berea is the able assistant of her father. We are all rank conservationists."

Norcross senior examined Berrie precisely as if his eyes were a couple of X ray tubes, and as she flushed under his slow scrutiny he said, "I was not expecting to find the forest service in such hands."

Wayland laughed.

"I hope you didn't mash his fingers, Berrie."

She smiled guiltily. "I'm afraid I did. I hope I didn't hurt you—sometimes I forget."

Norcross senior was waking up. "You have a most extraordinary grip. What did it—piano practice?"

Wayland grinned. "Piano! No—the cinch."

"The what?"

Wayland explained. "Miss McFarlane was brought up on a ranch. She can rope and tie a steer, saddle her own horse, pack an outfit and all the rest of it."

"Oh! Kind of cowgirl, eh?"

Mrs. McFarlane, eager to put Berrie's better part forward, explained: "She's our only child, Mr. Norcross, and as such has been a constant companion to her father. She's not all cowhand. She's been to school, and she can cook and sew as well."

"Mrs. McFarlane comes from an old Kentucky family, father. Her grandfather helped to found a college down there."

Wayland's anxious desire to create a favorable impression of the women did not escape the lumberman, but his face remained quite expressionless as he replied:

"If the life of a cowhand would give you the vigor this young lady appears to possess I'm not sure but you'd better stick to it."

Wayland and the two women exchanged glances of relief.

"Why not tell him now?" they seemed to ask. But he said: "There's a long story to tell before we decide on my career. Let's finish our lunch. How is mother, and how are the girls?"

(To be continued)

ONE OF ALLIES' GREATEST LOSSES

Photos by American Press Association.

Snapshots of the late Earl Kitchener while whipping into shape the biggest army of England's history. Not a life was saved when the Hampshire, with Kitchener and his staff on their way to Russia, sank off the Orkney Islands.

TWO BIRD GIRLS.

Aviation Is Said to Be Woman's Coming Profession.

"IT'S SUCH FUN TO FLY."

Already Two Women Are Making Exhibition Flights, and One Family, Two of Them Girls, Has Founded a School of Aviation in Texas.

Dressed in riding breeches and a natty Norfolk jacket and armed with (harmless) bombs, which she dropped over Manhattan, Miss Vera Pearce, accompanied by P. C. Millman, recently flew from Mineola, N. Y., over New York and around Battery park in a biplane.

Miss Pearce has a rival in this new field of enterprise for young women, Miss Katherine Stinson.

At Sheepshead Bay speedway this young lady, not yet twenty-one years old and weighing only 104 pounds, recently made two long, loose circles of the speedway. On the third time around, when she was about 2,000 feet above the imitation fort they were building for the flying exhibition, she made a swallow's smooth downward curve, then sheered up and back over her own path, her head and the upper part of her machine downward toward the ground. For a moment the engine stopped; then the tune of it began again. Katherine Stinson for the several hundredth time had looped the loop, and three minutes later she landed without even a jolt. She had been up less than ten minutes.

Photo by American Press Association.

MISS VERA PEARCE.

Miss Stinson wears no elaborate aviation wardrobe.

After she doesn't even tuck her curls under her close fitting hood. She wears a short khaki skirt, high heeled boots and the two warmest coats she can find. Sometimes she wears riding breeches, but she doesn't in the least object to a skirt. She never allows wind or clouds to interfere with her flights. "But I don't like rain," she confessed. "It hurts. It feels exactly like sleet when you fly in it."

Besides looping the loop, she has carried United States mail, dropped bombs, made night flights, flown with her plane upside down and performed a number of other "stunts." "They always want some fancy thing thrown in at the exhibitions," she admitted carelessly.

"My sister Marjorie is only eighteen, and she's a flier. My brother Edwin is twenty-three, and he flies. In San Antonio, Tex., we three are running the Stinson school of aviation. I have another brother fifteen years old, but he wants to go to West Point. My people on both sides fought in the civil war.

"And if America went to war tomorrow I'd be an army scout," Miss Stinson added stoutly. "I tried my best to make Pershing and Funston let me go to Mexico. But they wouldn't."

For the Creeping Baby.

Here is an interesting suggestion for the young mother with the active, creeping baby: Get a good sized gray blanket, preferably woolen. Cut out the pictures from a cloth nursery picture book and sew them to the blanket. The bright pictures will attract baby's attention, and he will pat and pick at them by the hour and keep perfectly contented on his soft, warm, creeping rug. This idea may also be used in connection with the baby fence, for baby may be left inside the fence with his pictorial floor covering and run no risks of falling on sharp playthings.

HUMAN FLAG ACCLAIMS AMERICAN LIBERTY DAY

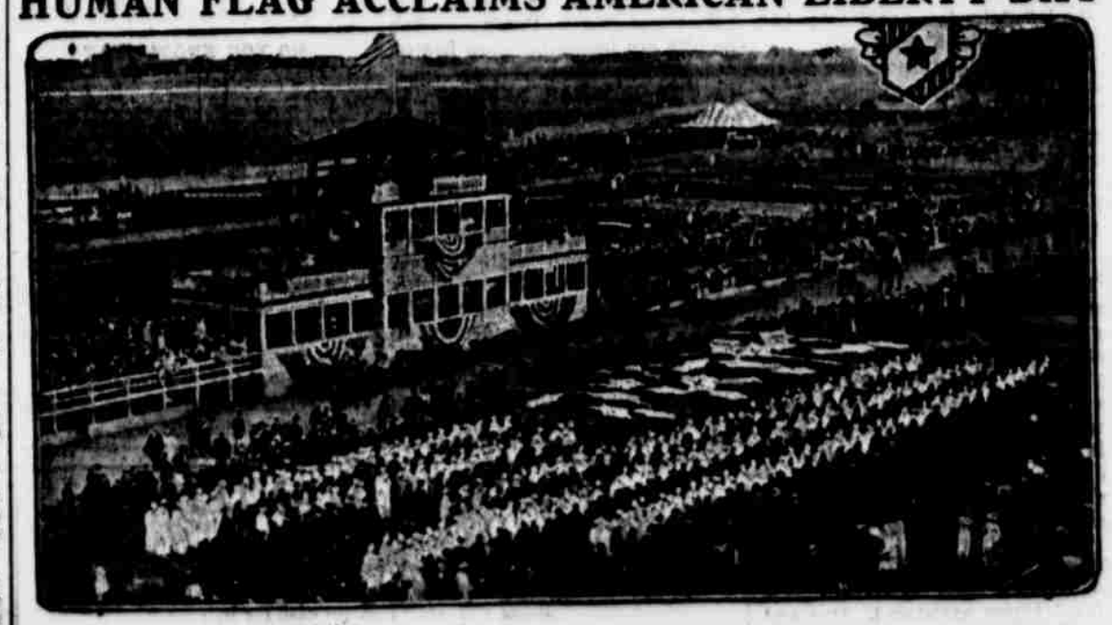

Photo by American Press Association.

Over 100,000 Americans of German and Austro-Hungarian descent gathered at Sheepshead Bay speedway, New York, to acclaim American liberty day. Besides singing and athletic events, a human flag was a feature.

The Great July 4 at Gettysburg

Pennsylvania Town Still Remembers 1863

WITH each recurring anniversary of the nation's birth, memories of the older inhabitants of Gettysburg turn back to that fearful day in 1863 that will always be recalled, probably, as the most terrible Fourth of July in its history.

Of the great battle of Gettysburg, ranking with the most desperate conflicts in the history of man, historians have told us much. They have virtually covered every square inch of the bloody field. Yet of the quaking, fear stricken town itself during the battle comparatively little has been read by the world at large; few chronicles have been written of the doings of the people.

All Was Silent.

And of that awesome Fourth of July! Everywhere else through the nation, where the news that Lee's advance had been checked had reached, there were scenes of wild rejoicing. But Gettysburg, though glad of the victory, was sick at heart because of the ghastly, gory spectacle of the battle's aftermath that was before the eyes of every man, woman and child in town.

When the sun rose on the morning of July 4, the day after Pickett had made his famous charge, its shafts emblazoned the roofs of Gettysburg. But from the streets came no sounds of rejoicing, no cheers, either for victory or for the day of the nation's birth. All was silent, except when one walked abroad he could hear groaning, and he knew he was in a town of suffering and sorrow. In many of the houses wounded men were quartered and cared for, and the townspeople nursed them, Union men and Confederates both sharing in the ministrations.

Upon the fields where the grim battle had been fought the sun blazed into the staring eyes of hundreds—eyes that gazed vacantly at the morning with the blankness of death. Hundreds of others opened their eyes for the last time to see the sun of day. Hundreds lay moaning, their limbs torn, weltering in blood, their heartrending groans making the morning seem gray despite the sun. Despite the heroic efforts of the surgeons and their assistants it was impossible to reach all of the wounded in time.

The battle was over. Both armies, declared Professor Aaron Sheely, who saw the battlefield, were engaged in patching up damage and doing their best to relieve the wounded. Men lay on the fields dying, enduring inconceivable suffering. As yet no arrangements had been made for their care, though as many as could be taken away were carried into the town of Gettysburg.

Taking Care of Those That Were Thrown Upon Their Mercy.

"That Fourth," said Mrs. E. S. Myers-Stewart, who was one of the nurses, "was spent by the people nursing the injured. Many went out to the field of battle and helped to bring the wounded in. Many even doubted the success of the Union forces. Some claimed the battle had been drawn. This was, of course, depressing. But when we learned that the Confederates had left their wounded and dying on the field in their retreat I said the battle was ours. No victorious army ever left its men to die unaided and uncomforted.

"There was no joyful celebration that day," added Mrs. Stewart. "We all felt like weeping. Such sights as surrounded us beggar description. Sickness and death and suffering were seen on every side. Most of the people spent the day taking care of those that were thrown upon their mercy."

There was on this Fourth a feeling of relief among the people of the town. The danger of the town's being razed had passed. General Lee made preparations during the day to leave and that night withdrew toward the south. In the town efforts were made to gather provisions. There were loud calls from the survivors. Many of the uninjured soldiers were in need of food. Into the surrounding country scores of Gettysburg's citizens went begging for provisions. Many of the women went from door to door filling baskets, which were sent out to the soldiers on the field.